

Halloween 9: Night of Samhain

by moviefan-92

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Summary: Michael Myers returns to do what he does best. The secrets of the Thorn cult are revealed as Michael slowly and brutally slays all those in his bloodline and anyone who gets in his way. This time it's all or nothing. DELAYED.

1. Prologue

****Halloween 9: Night of Samhain****

****Prologue****

_ "My name is Tommy Doyle, and I'm a survivor. I don't mean your typical natural disaster survivor. I survived the attack of pure evil. I saw it that night, many years ago. Michael Myers. The world's most famous serial killer. He was more than just a serial killer. He was evil incarnated. An unstoppable cold hearted murderer. He couldn't be reasoned with or merciful in any way. He was the perfect killing machine._

_ "It all started when he killed his sister, Judith, on Halloween when he was six years old. He was sent to a mental institution. His doctor, Sam Loomis tried to reach him, but Michael was no longer remotely human._

_ "He escaped fifteen years later. He went after his other sister, Laurie Strode. She was babysitting me and Lindsey Wallace that night. We survived Michael's attack. Dr. Loomis had saved us. Both Michael and Dr. Loomis were caught in an explosion. Both were nearly burned to death._

_ "Michael fell into a coma. But he woke up ten years later. Laurie was said to be dead. But she had a daughter, Jamie Lloyd. Michael went after her. Dr. Loomis tried to protect her. The first time Michael attacked, he managed to protect her. But a year later Michael

tried again. Both he and Jamie disappeared. Just vanished without a trace._

"_Six years later, Jamie's body was found. Michael had returned. He'd killed her. She was supposedly the last of his bloodline. Or so we thought. Jamie had given birth. The child was to be Michael's final sacrifice. Luckily, I was able to save the baby. I had been doing research on Michael. I knew there had to be a reason for his madness. His never ending desire to kill his family. And his refusal to die. Finally I discovered it. Michael had been cursed with the Thorn of Thurisaz. It was a curse that caused someone to kill their entire family. And then I met the mastermind behind it all. Terence Wynn. The leader of the Thorn cult. It was him and his followers that had taken Michael and Jamie six years ago._

"_Haddonfield became another bloodbath. Relatives of the Strodes, the family that had adopted Laurie, were living in the Myers house. Michael killed all of them. Or almost all of them. Dr. Loomis and I managed to save Kara Strode and her son Danny. For some reason, Wynn wanted Danny alive. I shudder at the thought of what Wynn had planned for him. He was the real monster. He had turned Michael Myers from a young innocent child to a killer drained of his humanity. Although we managed to get away, Dr. Loomis died at the hands of Michael. Then he disappeared again, along with the remaining members of the Thorn cult._

"_Three years later, twenty years after his first attack on his sister, Michael discovered that Laurie was still alive. Not only that, but she had a son as well named John. She had faked her death, moved away, and changed her name to Keri Tate. But her past was discovered when Michael came for her again._

"_This time Laurie fought back. But by a mistake in identity, she killed the wrong man, a father three. It completely broke Laurie down. She was committed to a mental institution. But that didn't stop Michael. He tracked her down. And this time he got her. Then he returned to Haddonfield. He returned to his old house. After he murdered the Strodes, no one wanted to have anything to do with that house again._

"_That is, until an online entertainment program decided to put people in the Myers house to 'supposedly' try and find out why Michael went bad. If they only knew the truth. Michael wasn't happy with the unwanted guests. If he cared about one thing, it was his home. It was the place he had all his memories from when he was still human._

"_After another killing spree, Michael was believed to be dead after he was caught in a fire. But he won't die. He never dies. He never will. Not while that evil is still within him. Michael is still out there. And he won't stop. Not until they're all dead."_

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A paramedic enters the room with yet another body. How many was this now? He forgot.

"Hey, how's it going." he said.

The coroner looked up at him. "You gotta be kidding me. Another one?"

The paramedic smirked at her. "Hey, you got a celebrity here." he teased.

The coroner rolled her eyes. She was in no mood for his jokes. "Oh, let me get my autograph book." she said sarcastically.

"I'm serious. It's Michael Myers."

The coroner froze. Had she heard right? "What?"

The look on her face was priceless. "Get me a copy of that autograph." the paramedic said leaving the room.

"Yeah sure." said the coroner, not knowing what else to say. Was he serious, or was this just another one of his games. She had to find out.

Slowly the coroner approached the body bag and opened it up. The smell of burned flesh greeted her, along with the sickening sight of Michael Myers' fried body. His mask was melted to his face.

The coroner couldn't believe it. Michael Myers was here. Right now in front of her. She had to see his face. The question was, would she be able to get the mask off without taking his face with him.

She would never find out, because at that moment, Michael's eyes snapped open as he let out a ghostly wail. His hand shot up and grabbed the coroner by the throat. She tried to cry out, but Michael had an iron grip on her throat. He sat up, got off the table, and slammed the corner against the wall.

Michael stared at the coroner for a moment before reached down and picked up a scalpel. The coroner's eyes widened with fear, right before he stabbed her in the gut. The coroner groaned inaudibly. Michael let go of the scalpel, leaving it in the coroner's gut. He grabbed her face and crushed it. Blood seeped through his fingers as his nails dug into the coroner's face, peeling the skin away. The coroner silently cried out as her skull was crushed. A moment later she was dead and Michael let her body fall to the floor.

Breathing heavily, Michael slowly turned around and walked out the door, once again disappearing into the night.

(A/N: Well that ends the first chapter. I know it's really just a repeat of what happened throughout the movies, but it was necessary. Next chapter will be some of the actual story. Until then, tell me what you think.)

2. Chapter 1: Phone Calls

(A/N: Sorry, forgot the disclaimer last time. I'll make a bigger effort to remember.)

Disclaimer: I own nothing now and I owned nothing last time.

****Chapter 1: Phone Calls****

October 28th, 2001

John Tate sat in his apartment reading the newspaper. His fiancÃ©, Molly Cartwell was in the kitchen washing dishes. Although it was close to that time of the year, the small apartment held no evidence that Halloween was only a few short days away.

Halloween was the worse time of the year for the soon to be happy couple. There were too many painful memories. When John was 17, his uncle, Michael Myers had killed his best friends and nearly killed him. Three years later, his mother, Laurie Strode, was killed by her brother. Then he went on killing spree and murdered several teenagers that had gone inside his house. He disappeared again shortly after. And John could never shake the feeling that Michael Myers would some day come for him.

He and Molly had moved far away. But he knew the boogeyman was still out there. Still waiting. Patiently bidding his time before he would strike again.

Putting thoughts of his demented uncle out of his head, John turned back to Molly. He smiled at the fact that in a few short months they would be married and begin a family of their own. Then his spirits came crashing down as he thought about his own family history. His uncle had ruined his whole life. His mother's whole life. How could anyone be so cruel? John never saw evil before that night. His mother had always told him how dark and demented her brother had been. John had never believed anyone could be as bad as his mother had made her brother out to be, boy had he been wrong.

"John? Hello?"

John came out of his thoughts, realizing that Molly had been talking to him. Huh? What?" he said, looking around in confusion. "Oh I'm sorry Molly. I was just thinking."

Molly sat down next to him. "Oh, what about?"

John tensed up. He didn't want to bother Molly with his problems. "Justâ€¦ things. Nothing big."

Molly reached for his hand. "It' about him,_ isn't it?" John didn't answer. "It's almost Halloween. I know it's been hard for. It's been hard for me too."

John squeezed her hand. "It just feels like he's waiting for me to let my guard down."

Molly nodded. She knew how he felt. She had gone through the same horror as he did. "He can't find us here. Who knows, maybe he's dead. Maybe he's not. But we'll get through it together."

She wrapped her arms around him. John held her tightly. "I just don't want to lose you to him like I lost my mother."

Molly smiled nervously. She needed to be strong for both of them. "You won't lose me. Not now, not ever."

She kissed him long and hard. John kissed her back. He knew she was right. As long as they had each other, they could get through anything.

The phone rang. Reluctantly Molly pulled away. She reached for the caller ID.

Ring!

Ring!

"Who is it?" asked John, not really caring.

Ring!

Ring!.

"Unknown number. Unknown name." said Molly, putting the caller ID down. "If it's something important, they can leave a message."

Ring!

Ring!

"Sounds good to me." John remarked as Molly wrapped her arms around him again. "Now where were we?"

Ring!

Ring!

Molly giggled. "I believe I was about to kiss you here." She kissed his cheek. "And here." She kissed his neck. "And here." She kissed his nose.

Ring!

Ring!

Beep!

"Hi, this is John and Molly. Were not in at the moment, but if you leave your name and number, we'll get back to you as soon as we can."

Beep!

At first John didn't care about who was on the other line, but soon all his attention was on the phone as he heard the message.

"Hello Mr. Tate. My name is Detective Matthews. You don't know me, but I know you. I know all about you. About your mother's And your uncle."

John tensed up. Was this some kind of sick joke? He looked at Molly fearfully. She looked just as terrified as him.

_"I know all about your past. About Michael's attacks. He's still out

there. And he's coming back. There's still much you don't know. If you want to know why your uncle is so set on killing all those in his bloodline, and you want to finally rid the world of him once and for all, then come to Haddonfield. Before Halloween."_

Say what? Go to Haddonfield? The hometown of Michael Myers? Why would anyone go there? Especially at this time of the year.

"I know you don't know me and are afraid to face your past, but if you don't, Michael will come for you. He will not stop ever. But I know how to stop him. If you truly want him gone, then come to Haddonfield. I'll be waiting for you"

Beep!

John and Molly looked at each other, each clearly terrified.

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Lindsey Wallace had long since moved out of Haddonfield, but the memories of that Halloween, the night he came home, still haunted her. Even after 26 years, she still saw his dark figure in the shadows. Michael Myers had scarred her for life.

At one point, Lindsey used to love to be scared. She would have her babysitter watch scary movies with her all the time. But that was before she knew what true horror was. Michael had shown her the true meaning of fear that night. And it never left her.

After coming home from a hard day at work, Lindsey tossed her bag on the floor and flopped down on the couch. The kids in her first grade class were so annoying. And what's worse, they couldn't stop talking about Halloween. In a few days they would be able to dress up in scary costumes and go out trick or treating.

Lindsey groaned. She hated Halloween. No, she loathed it. Almost as much as she hated the man, no monster, who made her hate Halloween so much.

Lindsey got off the couch. She needed a drink. She wasn't really a drinker, except for on, of course, Halloween. She reached into the liquor cabinet and pulled out a bottle of vodka. She took a swing. Ah, much better. Needed some ice though.

As Lindsey went to the fridge, she noticed she had some new messages. She pushed the play messages button and opened the fridge to get some ice.

The first message was from one of her friends, inviting her to a Halloween party. _"Thanks, but no thanks."_ thought Lindsey, as she put some ice in a glass and poured the alcoholic beverage in. She brought the glass to her mouth to take a sip but stopped when she heard the second message.

"Miss Lindsey Wallace. You have no idea how hard it was to find you. Allow me to introduce myself. The name's Detective Matthews. For the past several years I have been on an investigation dealing with the serial killer, Michael Myers."

Lindsey almost swallowed an ice cube as she gasped. Just hearing that bastards name struck fear in her heart.

"_I know you've spent your whole life just trying to escape your past, but you can't. Not while Michael is alive. I can help you there. If you come back to Haddonfield, I know how we can kill Michael once and for all. Please come. If you don't, many more people will die, and the memory of that night will never leave you. If you want this to be over once and for all, then come home. I'll see you there."_

Lindsey was in a state of shock. Someone was offering her a way to get rid of Michael forever. But could she really go back to that town? Lindsey didn't even notice the third message start playing.

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Tommy Doyle woke up to his radio alarm clock. The song on the radio blasted loudly in his ears.

"_Mr. Sandman, bring me a dream. Make him the cutest, that I've ever seen. Give him two lips, like roses and clover, and tell that his lonely nights are over."_

Tommy reached over and turned the alarm off. He always hated that song. He couldn't quite say why, he just did.

The woman next to him rolled over and wrapped her arm around him. Tommy smiled down at his wife, Kara. She was still asleep and she looked so peaceful. Tommy carefully prodded her awake.

"Hey beautiful, time to get up." he said softly.

Kara groaned and slowly opened her eyes. "Too early."

"It always is." Tommy laughed. "Come on, we need to get the kids up for school."

The two got up to get ready. Tommy went in the bathroom to shave while Kara went to get the kids up.

Knocking on her sons' door, Kara tried to get them up. "Danny, Stephen, time to get up."

Stephen, her nine-year-old son threw the covers off and yawned. Her nineteen-year-old son, Danny, was a little harder to get up. He shouldn't have been out so late. Especially at this time of the year.

But that was never brought up. For all of their sakes. Especially Stephen's. He had no idea about his Michael Myers' history. Kara and Tommy had thought it would be best not to mention it to the boy. He didn't need to know that his real mother, Jamie Lloyd, was brutally murdered by her uncle the day he was born. They had no idea who Stephen's real father was. Michael probably killed him too.

And then there was Danny. The experience with Michael had traumatized him. It took several years for him to get over it. But he never completely recovered. None of them did. Most of the time, everything

was fine, except for on Halloween, of course. The day the boogeyman came out to kill. Danny always acted strangely on Halloween. He was always so quiet and lost deep in thought. But one the day passed, everything was fine. And Halloween was approaching. That meant Danny would start acting strangely again.

"Come on Danny, get up." said Kara, shaking her eldest son awake.

Danny pulled the covers over his head. "Come on mom. I was out late last night with Kelly." Kelly was Danny's girlfriend, and last night the two had been out late together.

"Well then next time don't stay out so late." Kara said, walking out of the room.

Danny groaned. Why did he have to get up now. He was driving. It wasn't like he needed to take the bus like Stephen.

Speaking of Stephen, the nine-year-old jumped off his bed onto Danny's "Come on Danny, get up."

Danny grabbed Stephen to stop him from bouncing up and down. "Woah, easy there bro, you're getting too big to be jumping on me."

Stephen laughed and climbed off his brother. "Soon I'm going to be as strong as you. Stronger even."

Danny ruffled his brother's hair. "Don't count on it bro. Now go get ready. You don't want to miss the bus."

Stephen headed for the door. "I won't miss the bus, I'm fast." Then he ran out of the room.

Danny rubbed the sleep from his eyes and got up. He went into the bathroom and examined his reflection. There were rings under his eyes from his lack of sleep. He may have gotten home late last night, but the reason he was so tired was because he couldn't sleep. He knew the reason why. Halloween was approaching. He hated that damn day. Not only was it a reminder of what happened nine years ago, but there was also this strange feeling he always got. It was a hollow empty feeling, a need to be away from everyone, and a terrible urge to want to hurt something, or someone. Not only that, but he was always so angry. He was overcome by an unbearable rage.

After washing his face, Danny went to get ready for the rest of the day. His brother and parents were already at the table eating breakfast. Danny went to go get his breakfast.

"So Danny, did you have a good time last night?" Tom asked.

Danny nodded. "Yeah, a great time."

"Did you kiss?" asked Danny.

Danny blushed. Oh he and his girlfriend had kissed alright. Sometimes they would even go a bit farther than kissing.

Stephen saw the look on Danny's face and covered his eyes. "Eww, you did, didn't you? Yuck."

"You'll get into girls when you get older too." Danny assured him, taking a seat at the table.

"No I won't." Stephen cried, shaking his head.

The phone rang and Stephen jumped off his chair to pick it up. "Helloâ€| Yesâ€| Uh huhâ€| Right hereâ€| Sureâ€| Dad, it's for you."

Tommy went to take the phone from Stephen. "Thanks little man."

"I'm not little!"

"Of course you're not. Hello, Tommy Doyle speaking."

"_Hello Mr. Doyle. This is Detective Matthews. How is everything with your family?"_

Tommy looked confused. "Uh, fine. Why?"

"_You do know what day is coming up, don't you?"_

Tommy was silent. What was going on here? "What are talking about?"

"_I think you know exactly what I'm talking about, Mr. Doyle. But let's just cut to the chase. Have you looked at the stars recently?"_

Tommy felt his stomach not up. "No."

"_Well if you did, you would have seen a certain star pattern coming together. It should be lined up perfectly on Halloween. Do you know what I'm talking about now?"_

There was no denying what this was about any longer. "Michael Myers." Tommy whispered.

Detective Matthews laughed softly. "_Yes. So you haven't forgotten. Michael's coming home. Only this time, we can kill him. And I mean for good this time. Isn't that what you had obsessed over for 16 years?"_

Tommy had been hoping to put that all behind him. But it had always been in the back of his mind. Why would this man call him? "What do you want from me?"

The other end of the line was silent for a moment. "_I want you to come back to Haddonfield-"_

"No!" said Tommy. "I'm not going back."

"_Not even for your son?"_ Tommy was silent. "_Yes, I know Stephen is really Jamie's child. Michael will come for you. There's no denying that. He already got his Laurie. And she had changed her name, faked her own death, and moved away, but he still got her. He will come for the child. But we can stop him. I know how."_

A fierce battle was happening in Tommy's head. He wanted nothing more

than to put all of that behind him, but deep down he knew his past would catch up with him. Michael would come. When the stars aligned to form the symbol of Thorn, Michael was always most active then. And if they were aligning, Michael would come, unless he did something to stop him. He had to do it. For his family.

"Ok, what do you want me to do?" he asked.

"_Does this mean you're going to help?"_

"Yes."

"_Good, then bring your family back to Haddenfield."_

"I can't!" Tommy exclaimed. "I'll come, but I won't put them in danger."

Detective Matthews sighed. _"Then this whole thing will be pointless. I need your whole family here. They are the key to ridding the world of Michael. Without them, this won't work."_

The battle in Tommy's head became more fierce. The last thing he wanted to do was put his family in danger, but if Detective Matthews really knew who to kill Michael, then that would mean that no one would ever be in danger from Michael ever again.

"Iâ€¦ I don't know." he said.

Detective Matthews sighed again. _"Just think about it. We can finally get rid of Michael. I hope you come. If you don't, more people will die. I hope you come. Good bye Mr. Doyle."_

The line died. Tommy stood there holding the receiver for a few seconds before he finally hung up the phone. He turned around to find Kera standing behind him looking confused.

"What was that about?" she asked.

Tommy sighed. "We need to talk."

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Sara Moyer made her way back to her dorm. College was a killer. And it would only get harder in the next few days. Sara knew why. Halloween was coming up. For the past three years, Halloween had been the worst day of the year for her. Ever since her friends became the victims of Michael Myers.

Damn that bastard! Why did he have to come into her life? Technically, she had gone into his, but no one deserved to be slaughtered by that monster. Only she and Freddie, the host of Dangertainment, had survived Michael's mass murders that night.

If one good thing came out of her meeting with Michael, it was that she had found the love of her life Myles Barton, who she had known as Deckard from online. True the guy was younger than her, but he saved her life. That sort of thing tends to bring people close together.

Sara entered her room to find her roommate, Lisa, laying on her bed,

going through her fashion magazines. She looked up as Sara entered. "Hey girlfriend, how was class?"

Sara dropped her backpack. "It was a killer."

Lisa shrugged. "Well you've gotten through killers before."

Sara gave her friend a warning look. "Don't even start. I just want to forget about that."

Lisa smirked. "Well go spend some time with that boyfriend of yours. I'm sure he could get your mind off of anything, if you know what I mean." She gave Sara a sassy grin and a wink.

Sara rolled her eyes. "Honestly, is sex the only thing you think about?"

Lisa gave Sara a look of disbelief. "I have never heard the words 'only' and 'sex' in the same sentence. Don't tell me you haven't given Myles anything yet."

Sara smiled nervously. "Well, I just want our first time to be special. I want it to be something we remember for the rest of our lives."

Lisa rolled her eyes. "I don't remember half the guys I do. You gotta get laid girl. You have no idea what you're missin'. You already got Myles wrapped around you finger, he'll do anything for you."

Sara blushed. "I don't want to pressure him into anything."

"Girl, he's a guy. Guys have only two things on their minds; how to get laid, and who to get laid with."

Sara's cell phone rang. Lisa dove for Sara's bag and pulled out her cell phone. "Maybe it's your boy toy calling to get some."

Sara made a grab for the phone. "Lisa, give me that. Don't you dare!"

Lisa answered the phone. "Hello! Sara's roommate here. Watcha need?"

Sara was ready to kill Lisa and tear the phone from her cold lifeless fingers. "Lisa will you-"

Lisa held out the phone for her. "It's for you. It sounds like an older guy. Are you hidin' something from Myles?"

Sara snatched the phone from her hands. "Hi, this is Sara."

"_Sara Moyer. How nice to finally hear your voice._"

Sara didn't recognize the person's voice on the other line. "I'm sorry, do I know you?"

"_No, no you don't. But you're pretty well known though. The survivor of Michael Myers attack three years ago._"

Sara went pale. Lisa gave her a strange look. "You ok, girl?"

Sara didn't even hear her friend. She was caught up in this unexpected call. "If this is a Halloween joke, it is not funny!"

"_This is no joke. My name is Detective Matthews. You know, you're the fourth person today I've told that to today. You see, you're not the only survivor of Michael's murderous attacks. There have been several people that faced him and lived to tell about it. But he keeps on coming. And he'll keep on coming, unless we do something about it."_

"What are you talking about?"

"_There is much you don't know about Michael. I know he still haunts you. And if you want to be rid of him for good, then we should meet. I know how we can kill him once and for all. You won't be going alone. The other survivors will be there too. Just think about it a bit. I'll be in touch."_

He hung up. Sara just stood there holding the phone to her ear. Lisa waved her hand in front of her face.

"You ok, girl?" she asked. "You look like you saw a ghost."

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Detective Matthews hung up the phone. So that was it. He had reached all of those that were mostly involved with Michael's killing spree. Now the question was, will any of them come? Sara Moyer still lived in Haddonfield, she may be willing to come.

Then there was John Tate. He would be the most likely to come. He would want revenge for his mother's death, not to mention the rest of his family's.

Then there was Lindsey Wallace. Would she come? Maybe. She had nothing else besides her fear. If she was willing to face it, she could finally move on with her life.

And last there was Tommy Doyle and his family. They would be the least likely to come. There were children involved, and they were the ones who discovered Michael's undying nature. They had faced the evil head on. They would want to stay as far away from Haddonfield as possible. Then again, their son's life was at stake. Tommy may come for his son's sake, but would he bring his family. Matthews hoped so. They would play the biggest role in ridding the world of Myers.

Or maybe, Myers would rid the world of them first.

3. Chapter 2: Destination Haddonfield

(A/N: Wow, I've really been forgetful lately. First I forgot to post a disclaimer, then I forgot to inform everyone that me and my buddy are working on this story together. He wasn't too happy about not getting credit. Sorry, sorry, so sorry. Now that that's cleared up, on with the story.)

****Disclaimer: Neither me or my friend own anything.****

****Chapter 2: Destination Haddonfield****

"John, I'm going with you." Molly argued. She was not about to let her future husband go to the hometown of his murderous uncle, on the anniversary of his killings, all by himself.

"No you're not!" said John. "This has nothing to do with you."

Molly stamped her foot. "What do you mean this has nothing to do with me? I'm your fiancÃ©; of course this has to do with me! In case you've forgotten, I was there when he attacked!"

John continued packing his suitcase. He was going to Haddonfield to put an end to Michael once and for all, but there was no way in hell he was going to let Molly go with him. "That's not what I meant." he said, a little less harshly. "My uncle has some sick habit of killing everyone in his bloodline. Last time you were just in the way, that's why he attacked you. There's no reason for you to put yourself in danger. He's after me, not you. And I won't let you risk your life when you don't have to."

Molly wasn't backing down. "You're risking your life."

John waved the comment off. "That's different. I'm his nephew. He'll always come for me. I don't know how or when, but he will. He waited 15 years to come for my mother, then 20 years after that, followed by 3 more. Who knows when the psycho will strike again. But I know he will. And when he does, I don't want you getting killed if you don't have to be."

Molly tried to find a reason to argue against this, but came up empty. John was always so stubborn about things when it came to his bastard uncle.

"Well if I can't go, then I don't want you to go either." she said, trying a different approach.

John shook his head. "No, that's not an option. I can't just sit back and let him kill anymore. Besides, he'll come for me eventually. I can't do this anymore. I'm ending it now!" He closed the suitcase and headed for the door. Molly stood in his path. "Molly, don't do this. Please just let me go."

Molly held his gaze for a minute before finally dropping her head. She wrapped her arms around him. John his suitcase and hugged her back.

"Just be careful." she whispered. "I don't want to become a widow before I'm even married."

John kissed her head. "Don't worry. I'll be fine. Then I'll come back and give you the wedding you deserve."

"You better."

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John gave her one last squeeze before picking up his suitcase and

heading out the door. Molly stared at the closed door, listening to his footsteps fade away.

"I just need a couple of days off." Lindsey spoke into the phone. "I know this is last minute and everything, but I really need to goâ€| Yes, it's an absolute emergencyâ€| Life or deathâ€| Well just find a subâ€| This is very importantâ€| I can't say, it's privateâ€| Yes, after Halloweenâ€| Yes, thank youâ€| I'll do that. Good bye."

Lindsey hung up the phone. She wasn't any happier than her boss with the last minute trip. Hell, if she had it her way she would never return to that damn town. She wished she never received the phone call. But she did, and she couldn't ignore it. If she didn't face this problem head on, it would haunt her for the rest of her life. Not that she had much of one anyway. Damn it, what the hell had that bastard Myers done to her?

With a cigarette in one hand and her cell phone in the other, Lindsey dialed the number for the airport.

"I need the quickest flight to Haddonfield, Illinoisâ€|" she said. "I don't care, the fastest one you haveâ€| 9:40? I'll take itâ€| Lindsey Wallaceâ€| Thank you."

Next she called for a cab. Half an hour later, it arrived and she climbed in.

"Where to Miss?" the cab driver asked.

"Airport." said Lindsey, closing the door and tossing away her cigarette.

The driver nodded. "Alrighty then. Heading for a big Halloween party with some friends?"

Lindsey flinched. "Something like that."

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"So you're going?" Kara asked.

Tommy nodded. "I have to, for Stephen's sake. For all of ours."

"Then I'm coming with you."

"NO!" said Tommy sharply.

"The man said he needed both of us."

"He also said he needed Danny and Stephen's, but I'm not taking them."

"Tommy, that bastard killed my whole family. I don't even know what he tried to do to Danny, but I know it was nothing good. He tried to kill Stephen. I need to be there for this. I'll follow you if I have to. But I'm going to be there." Her tone became lighter. "I'll never be able to rest unless I know for certain that it's over. Please

Tommy, let me help you. I have just as much right to be there as you do. That son of a bitch attacked my sons!" Tears started running down her cheeks. "I need to see this end."

Tommy held his wife as she cried on his shoulder. He patted her back and whispered words of encouragement to her. He knew how she felt. He felt that unless he was there when Michael was defeated once and for all that the memories will continue to haunt him.

"Shh, Kara, it's ok." Tommy whispered. "Everything is going to be fine. But you need to stay here. Think of the kids. They need you."

"Dad, I'll watch Stephen."

Both Tommy and Kara jumped. Danny was standing in the doorway.

"Danny, how long have you been standing there?" asked Tommy in concern.

"Long enough." Danny confirmed. "You guys are going back for _him,_ aren't you?"

"Now Danny listen-" Kara began.

Danny cut her off. "Mom it's fine, I understand. I feel the same way you do. I can watch Stephen. I promise I won't let anything happen to him."

Both of his parents didn't seem too thrilled with the idea. "Danny, I don't know." said Tommy. "With Halloween coming upâ€¦"

"Dad, we'll be fine." Danny argued. "I'm 19. I can take care of myself, and Stephen."

Kara looked at Tommy. Finally he sighed. "Alright, I'll book 2 tickets for Haddonfield."

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"WHAT? You're _kidding!_" cried Myles. "Some detective calls and asks you to help him kill Michael, and you're going to do it."

"I said I'm considering it." Sara corrected him. The detective had called again and Sara told him that she needed to think about it. He left her his phone number if she was willing to help, but she wasn't sure. "I just want this to be over with."

Myles couldn't believe it. He didn't want anything happening to Sara. And she was thinking about actually going to find Michael Myers. What could be worse than that?

"Sara, I care about you and don't want you to get hurt." he reasoned. "I don't think searching for Michael is such a good idea."

"I know Myles, I'm not even sure what I'm going to do. I just want to hear what this detective has to say."

Myles didn't trust this Detective Matthews. "How do you know this guy

is for real and isn't just some creep pulling your leg?"

Sara shook her head. "He sounded way too old to be a prankster."

Myles nodded. "Fine, then I'm coming with you." he said.

Sara couldn't help but smile. "Myles, you don't have to."

Myles put his arm around her. "Hey, I was with you all through it last time, I'm not going to let you down now."

Sara kissed him. "Thanks Myles, I can count on you for anything." She took out her cell phone and dialed the number the detective had left her. "Hello, Detective Matthews? It's Sara. I'm in."

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After 2 hours of flying, John's plane finally landed, he had no idea where to go. Since he came here to see a detective, he figured he'd go to the police station and ask around. He was surprised to find a man standing by the main exit with his name out. John cautiously approached the man.

"Uh, hi, I'm John Tate." he said.

Detective Matthews shook his hand. "Nice to meet you Mr. Tate."

"Just John is fine."

Detective Matthews nodded. "Very well, John. I'm glad you could make it. We are currently waiting for a few others to show up, so I'll ask you to please be patient."

John seemed confused. "Others, what others?"

"The others on their way to stop Michael."

"Who else-"

"I'll explain everything later."

Fifteen minutes later, Tommy and Kara arrived. The detective was disappointed that Danny and Stephen weren't with them.

"Where are your kids?" he asked.

"We didn't bring them." said Tommy.

Detective Matthews sighed. He would just have to make due with what he had.

Tommy introduced himself and Kara. "Hi, I'm Tommy Doyle, this is my wife Kara."

John shook his hand. "I'm John Tate. How did you get involved with this."

Tommy looked at Kara. "Michael attacked us about nine years ago. He tried to kill us and our sons. And I also had a little run in with him when I was a kid. The night he first came home."

John's eyes widened. "Tommy Doyle. Now I remember where I heard that name. My mother told me about you."

Tommy raised an eyebrow. "And your mother is?"

"Ker- I mean Laurie Strode."

Tommy's mouth dropped open. Laurie had a son? Stephen wasn't the last of Michael's kin? But how was that possible?

"How? I thought she died 9 years after _that_ night." he said in confusion. He looked at Kara. She seemed to have no idea what was going on.

John shook his head. "No, she faked her death. Moved away and changed her name. But he got herâ€¦ three years ago."

Tommy couldn't believe it. Laurie had been alive? Then what about Jamie. How could Laurie just abandon her?

Detective Matthews cleared his throat. "Um, can we keep these conversations until we in a less public place."

John gave him a look. "What, there's still more coming?"

"One more. Lindsey Wallace."

Tommy's mouth dropped open again. "Lindsey's coming. I haven't seen her in years."

"I haven't seen you either."

Everyone turned around. Lindsey Wallace stood behind them. Her hair was a mess and she looked drunk.

"Miss Wallace?" asked Detective Matthews.

Lindsey nodded. Then she looked back at Tommy. "You haven't exactly caught me at my best." she said.

Tommy felt bad for her. She was an absolute nervous wreck. How long had she been like this? No doubt it was Michael's doing. Even when he wasn't around he tormented his victims.

Before Tommy could say anything else, the Detective requested for them to follow him. "Come on, I have a van outside. We have no time to waste. Michael will be here on Halloween, and we need to be ready for him."

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Molly sat in her room, impatiently trying to read. It was no use she just couldn't stop thinking of John. She felt she had to be there.

Tossing her magazine aside, Molly picked up the phone and called the

airport. "I'd like to book a ticket for your next flight to
Haddonfield, Illinois."

End
file.